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For the National Bra.

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FOWER AND PRINCIPLE

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

When consciousness came back, Rosalie found herself lying upon her bed. The room was quiet, cool, and dimly lighted by a candle on the hearth, whose glare was shaded from her eyes by an intervening chair with a shawl thrown over it. Mark was standing by her, bathing her face with cold water. As memory returned, she shuddered violently several times; and her first words, gasped out, were, "The and her first words, gasped out, were, "The wolves! Oh! the wolves!"

"They are gone, love; put to flight!" said
Mark Sutherland, soothingly.
"And you—you?" she asked, wildly gazing

"Safe, as you see, love!" he answered, as he lifted her head, and placed a glass of cold water to her lips.
"How did it happen, Mark?" she questioned, as he laid her head once more upon the pil-

"My escape, your safety, and the flight of

Dear Rose, we had better not revert to the subject again to night. Try to compose your-"I cannot! If I close my eyes and lie still, I hear again those dreadful howls—I see again those glaring eyes and ghastly fangs—I live over again the terrible danger."

"My dear Rosalie, there was really no very

that seemed to have been calling her in its merry voice all the morning. A narrow steep path down into the dingle led to the spring; and beyond it arose a high hill, heavily wooded like all the land about there. She filled her pitcher, and returned to the house to take her lonely noontide luncheon. And then, as the meridian sun was pouring its rays in at the door, which you know faced the south, she removed her needle-work to the west window, and resumed her sewing. Day waned, nor was she conscious of its waning, until the burning sun legan to glance in at her through the window where she sat, and oblige her to take her work to the opposite one—smiling at the con-And thus and their first day at the log And the next morning Rosalie found out her kind neighbors — Mrs. A — and "Witless Will," or, as he called himself, "Billy."

TO BE CONTINUED. For the National Era.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

am alone and very sad to night :

dow where she sat, and oblige her to take her work to the opposite one—smiling at the conceit of being chased from place to place by Apollo.

1). She sat at the cool east window, until the striking of the clock warned her that it was time to prepare the afternoon meal, which was to comprise "dinner and supper together."

She arose, and put away her work. But what was there to be got for dinner, after all? The shoot neward for a moment, then slow fade. Shows mouldering brands, pale coals, and waning ligh was there to be got for dinner, after all? Tea without milk, bread without butter, and salted beef without vegetables. A poor meal, certain-Shoot upward for a moment, then slow fade While in the ever-varying light and shado Dusk forms move to and fro in masquerade, Through all the mazy turns of a strange game Whose labyrinthian windings will not end, Till fading darkness and fair dawn beams blend. The jargon of brief songs and pleasant words, Mingling with the crisp notes of household birds. Has passed with daylight, and I list in vain-Its cadence will not stir the air again.

ly, to set before an epicurean, such as Mr. Sutherland had been, for of herself she never

thought.

Suddenly she recollected having seen some wild plum-trees growing on the hill beyond the spring, and she knew the fruit should now be ripe, and she thought she would go and get some, to make a pie. No sooner thought than attempted. She seized her bonnet, caught up a little basket, and set out. She hastened down the dingle path, crossed the run, and climbed the hill. She reached its summit, and Mute is each ivory key, Whence trickled out the liquid gems of sound, As skillful rose-tipped fingers set them free, With sweep majestic, or with lightsome bound Waking to life the slumbrous melody. stopped to breathe, and rest for a moment. The sudden glory of the extended landscape held her spell-bound. On one side the forest— My strained ear wearies of this sickening hush My heart's slow beating, and the muffled rush a boundless ocean of waving greenery—spreading on and on, thousands of miles, for aught she knew, after it was lost under the horizon.

Of the warm current throbbing through each Tokens of life within—e'en these bring pain.

Why do I linger in this solemn gloom? Of the warm current throbbing through each vein, On the other side, the vast prairie, with its fade from my aching eyes, thou twilight room; dotted groves, like cases in the desert, and in Spread o'er me, angel Memory, thy white wings

On the other side, the vast prairie, with its deted groves, like cases in the desert, and in the destroy, and it was all over as soon as reached the spot with fire-arms? said Mark calmly, and wishing to depreciate the peril she had passed, and restore her to quietness.

"Yet tell me about it—if you will talk to me about the escape, I shall not brood over the appalling."—

There is really very little to tell, Rosalie, as I surnised the truth instantly—that they were the same I heard the howling of the wolves. I surnised the truth instantly—that they were the same ask the neighbors had been aftar, for the last level and then, with her girlish love of change, she returned to the house by another the neighbors had been aftar, for the last level was no light to scare them. I hurried on as fast as possible, and soon came upon the cabin, and found a pack of some half-dozen wolves baying around the house, and leaping and ceratching at the walls. They were prairie wolves—a small cowardly race—who go in pack, and who are generally very early driven off. I first of all picked up and threw a billet.

offices.

Of his moral conscience, I am safe in saying, it was just the balance of his own impulses and opinions. His feelings settled the right and wrong of things among themselves, without any reference to received standards. No prophet could be more confident of his inspiration than the General was of the oracle within him and he was provided to the confidence of the tion than the General was of the oracle within him, and he was, moreover, not the man to desire a favor out of rule, to pray, or wish, in thought or word, for a personal benefit to soul or body, or to fear or evade any legitimate consequence of his own large liberty of soul. The accordance of his opinions and practice with the universal law depended, therefore, entirely upon the concurrence of his own constitution and conditions. This much observance he frankly gave, and he offered no lip-service, and added no slavery besides. His was a lofty love of right, a quick and deep apprehension of the divine order, and a bold acceptance of the inmost truth of things. For the rest—the application of principles to conduct, in the regulation of his social life, he held his impulses fully capable and most worthy to direct him, and tion of his social life, he held his impulses fully capable and most worthy to direct him, and all in the most confident reliance upon the perfect understanding subsisting between himself and the Supreme Authority.

I must insist again that he was religious, true, and noble; yet, it must be admitted, in such wise as allowed much in him incompations with a substantial substant

such wise as allowed much in him incompati-ble with received rules, and perchance, with the absolute right, too; for in a character where the natural constitution is everything, whenever the balance breaks the most startling incongruities will result. Where the standard of faith and practice is a prescribed one, resting on its proper authority, in all exi-gencies and disturbances, the man still gravi-tates toward the point which is the fixed centates toward the point which is the fixed centre of his homage; but where liberty is law, and the life is all spontaneous in the confusion of accident and misadventure the direction is apt to be assumed by the boldest sentiment and strongest feeling, as provisional governments arise in insurrections, and, like them, the decision is likely to be ruled by the dominant interest of the hour. The individual is best asserted and shows most nobly in such case, but is liable to work most widely out of the general harmony, and to shake the authority of creeds and precedents by his aberrations. creeds and precedents by his aberrations.

The General, I need hardly say, was no hypocrite or juggler in casuistry; for the incongruities and inexplicable things that puzzled every day orderly people were true enough things to him, though false to them and to the general rule, too; but it is strictly just to say, in mitigation of the blame which they encountered and the mischief which they worked, that ed and the mischier which they worked, that they were never perpetrated in wantonness or selfishness, but to attain such ends as were likely enough to justify themselves when they were attained. In such minds, efficiency and the necessity of the case override formal sys-tems, and the rule bends to the purpose; that the purpose is that the purpose is that

purpose having first secured their approbation for the highest reasons. They are often break-ers but never despisers of the "higher law," and if they leave the open pathway of the ab-stract right by any constrained indirection, they will recover it again if it can any way lead them to their end. The best of level,

And the series of the series o

TREEL.

Tread and the ripple-ripple of the trickling spring in the copy; the trilling songs of the wood birds, and the ripple-ripple of the trickling spring in the door of which she sat, was all that met the care of Advertising.—The neets a line for the first and the ripple-ripple of the trickling spring in the copy; the trilling songs of the wood birds, and the ripple-ripple of the trickling spring in the door of which she sat, was all that met the care. State of Advertising.—The neets a line for the first spring in the copy is the spring in the copy in the spring in the copy in the spring in the copy is the spring in the copy in the spring in the copy in the spring in the copy is the spring in the copy in the It was, accordingly, not at all unusual, nor very outrageous either, to find him enacting his benevolences in the public streets, nor, indeed, was it quite out of the way for him to rehearse them to the ungrateful and presumptuous, for their benefit and his own honor. In the centre square of the county town on a public day, with a crowd of the country people around him, he has been heard to say. he has been heard to say, more than once, in his loudest tones—"I'm the father of the counhis loudest tones—"I'm the father of the county. For forty years I have done all its thinking, and managed all its basiness. I projected your public roads, and every great improvement in the policy of the community. I have made you happy at home and respected abroad. I know every man of you, from the acorn up to the scrubs that ye are. I know more law than your lawyers, and more divinity than your preachers. I can teach your merchants in their own business; and there isn't one in a down of own business; and there isn't one in a dozen of you that doesn't owe your good luck to my ad
If Heaven hath cursed it, brief its passing bour-

vice, and your misfortunes to neglecting it. I am the oldest Major General in the United States, except General Jackson. I want nothing from you—I belong to myself, but I want you to know what is for your own good, period. In public debate and conversation, he was remarkable for tact, blunt wit, and effective eloquence; besides, he had a voice and manner of declamation which insured the reception of of declamation which insured the reception of anything that he uttered. Not a man in a million has equal command of the nerves of his auditors. Think towards him as they might, they were obliged to think with him, and they were richly repaid for such submission by the temporary levelness of apprehension into which they were lifted by the casual communion. He was felt like magnetism while he stood near, and, when he left, men looked at each other to recover themselves, and did or said something. and, when he left, men looked at each other to recover themselves, and did or said something not true, to assert their independence of him. His catch-words, and a laugh at his egotism, or an avenging thrust at his felt superiority, usually did the duty of saving appearances; but the consciousness nevertheless clung, and the effect remained. He did not hold his position in men's opinions on the terms that demagogues maintain their reputation with values. gogues maintain their reputation with vulgar, fools. He practiced no compliances, and flat-tered nobody. He was too strong, too honest, as well as too proud and unselfish, for the little

His was a frank, confident style of elequence, which had much more of the tone of authority than of appeal in it. It was intended to impart his own convictions in the directest way. The array of his argument was without any special adjustment to, or recognition of, adverse opinions; and he was much less given to that style of discussion which exhausts the subject, than to that other style which uses up the adversary. He had a close, strong grip of his conclusions; there was nothing wanting in the assurance with which he gave out his oracles, and usually nothing lacking in the acceptance.

Lift up the voice of prayer, The voice of weeping, with a nation's grief Beholding where her chosen free-born chief To Freedom's suppliant guest forbids relief, In Freedom's air.

Lift up the voice of prayer; While warriors arm, and statesmen sternly toil. While on the ballot's oft-contested soil. The right before the might may still recoil-Lift up the voice of prayer,

Mightier than battles; not the strong alone But woman in her still secluded rone,

And childhood with a glory all its own, Lift up the voice of prayer; Resist not, chide not, to no human power

Lift up the voice of prayer; God rules the world; His will supreme will move,

And cause the wrath of man to praise in love;

In trusting faith, we wait and soar above

All earthly care. For the National Era A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE CAREY. family of the name of Flagg—well-to-do people they were, owning the most land and having the finest house in the neighborhood.

We used to see Mr. Flagg driving in his fine carriage towards the city very often, and never without going in the house to tell of it, for it

gave us pleasure to see his shining carriage and horses; and sometimes he said some pleasant thing to us, and this we were sure to relate word for word.

Interval and if the wolves had not work down, and if the wolves had not howled so at night, they might have had a pretty good time.

Many a time we have held our breath to listen when she told of how an Indian came to

Julia and John Flagg, of the ages of about ten and twelve years, were all the children of their parents, and had been so much indulged and petted they were a good deal spoiled. But of this by and by. One morning in the spring, as we were trimming the lilacs in the front yard, we saw the white faces of Mr. Flagg's bay horses coming over the bill. We left our work, and went nearer the gate to weed the work, and went nearer the gate to weed the pinks, so that we might see and speak with him. He drove more slowly than was his custom, and passed by without once looking toward us. Mrs. Flagg sat beside him, wearing a black silk gown and a long crape veil.

We wondered a great deal about where they were going, and why Mrs. Flagg wore the black veil; but after all the marvelling we have the wiser; and after a while in

were none the wiser; and after a while in

white faces of the well-known bay horses coming past the clover-field at a brisk trot.

Mr. Flagg bowed to us this time, rather solemuly we thought, and Mrs. Flagg had put by to us, while she spoke to a little boy sitting beside her, who peered at us very curiously. It was not John Flagg, we were sure; and we were almost sure that he had not been in the carriage in the morning; so we fell to guessing, and at last concluded that he was some poor boy whom they had overtaken and asked to ride.

A day or two after this, however, as we were

A day or two after this, however, as we were going to the woods for wild flowers to adorn the door-yard, we saw John Flagg and another boy cutting corn-stocks in the field that adjoined ours; or rather, John Flagg was sitting on the fence and the other boy was cutting the cornstalks. All about the woods we went, digging up the wild flowers—spotted adder's toague, and blue and white and yellow violets, and purple and striped-leaved plants, of which we knew not the names. At last, our baskets were full, and our hands too; and under the poonday sun we went homeward—not forgetwere full, and our hands too; and under the noonday sun we went homeward—not forget-ting to look into Mr. Flagg's fields again. The strange boy was still at work, and we could see that he wore no shoes, and that in all re-spects he was shabbily dressed.

John was nowhere to be seen, nor were we for all our observations any the wiser, but we were shortly to learn something of the lad that would add to the interest we already felt in him. As we were planting our flowers along the front walk, and asking each other whether it were likely they would ever grow—for the stocks were wilted, and the wild leaves that had here need to the deep shade hore. I imbar and been used to the deep shade hong limber and lifeless—our attention was suddenly arrested by the clicking of the gate-latch, and, looking up, we saw Aunt Caty Martin coming in. We were delighted, and didn't care much whether our flowers grew or not, for it was not often that visiters came to our house, and, of all that did come, we liked Aunt Caty best. And here I may as well say that she was not our aunt at all, nor any relation of ours that I know of; we called her aunt, because she had taught us to do so, and because we liked her as well as if she had been our aunt. It was scarcely one o'clock; but we were not fashionable folks in our neighborhood, and it was not at all uncomo'clock; but we were not fashionable folks in our neighborhood, and it was not at all uncommon for visiters to come at that early hour; so, as I said, we forgot our flowers, and ran to open the gate and to assist her to carry her work into the house, for she had brought nothing less than a little wheel, and two or three knots of flax to be spun during the afternoon.

Leaving you to imagine the ceremony of her getting into the house—of getting off her black silk shawl and black straw bonnet, winding the distaff with flax and getting to work on the north porch—I will say something about who she was and where she lived—make you acquainted with her, as it were.

Aunt Caty didn't believe all this, but she did believe that the land was richer and cheaper than where she then lived, and that by hard work and economy she might hope to earn a home in the strange country.

She might assist the neighbor who was going

West, inasmuch as his wife was sickly and not able to sit up all the time; she would therefore lend her horse, and do the cooking and take care of the sick woman, who had not much heart to go to the new country, when she part of the time had to lie on the bed in the wagon She never lived to get to her new home, I have heard Aunt Caty say; but one night, in the midst of the thick woods, afar from her living friends and the graves of her fathers, died, and was the next day buried beneath an old ma-

Coming from Massachusetts or New Jersey to Ohio, in those days, was no pleasure trip and where there are towns and cities and villages now, it was all one dense wilderness and, instead of railroads and turnpikes, there was but a faint track through the bushes, and around the logs, and up and down the steep hills; and days and days the traveller passed

no clearing and no settler's cabin.

Many a time, when some one was complaining of hardships, I have heard Aunt Caty say they didn't know enything about it; and then she would tell what she had seen and known and, amongst other hardships, she always rec-koned the journey to the West. But, even in relating the trials of that hard time, she always contrived to throw in some light, and when she had told how her shoes failed and her feet blis tered with walking, and how the coffee and the ham and the sugar gave out, one by one, she would say it was not so bad after all; and if it had not been for all these things, and if the woman had not been sick, and if her horse had not worn down, and if the wolves had not

listen when she told of how an Indian came to their camp one night and stole her red wooler shawl, that was spread over the three sleeping children, and that she saw him by the leg-heap fire and was afraid to speak, though she was wide awake. We could hardly believe that Aunt Caty had ever been afraid of anything. for she was a woman of great courage and energy of character.

The house was almost in sight of ours, though Mr. Flagg's great house and farm were between hers and ours, for 1 come back now to the time when she made the visit which mentioned some time ago.

Her prosperity had been equal to her expec-tations; and in the course of years she had bought and paid for twenty acres of land; add-ed to the cabin which she built at first, a front room, with a chamber above where slept her daughter Nancy, the other two being married. She had also obtained four good cowe, and ownconclusions; there was nothing wanting in the assurance with which he gave out his oracles, and usually nothing lacking in the acceptance they secured. He never knew the embarrass-our watering pots to freshen the pinks we had country with her was long since dead, and aunt Caty had not found occasion to supply his place, as she said everybody was willing to help her when she helped herself; and any to him, and wown she wanted to go to town why, she could ride with Mr. Flagg's man, Bil-

ly, just as well as not.

Almost everybody, indeed, felt indebted to her for some good turn or other, and was glad of the opportunity to serve her.

But when all aunt Caty's good qualities were

told, and amongst them was her kindness in times of sickness and death, folks said it was a pity that she would talk so much. I suspect

a pity that she would talk so much. I suspect now they meant that she said things sometimes which she had better not have said.

She was well acquainted with the doings of all the people in the neighborhood; no one was ailing but that aunt Caty was sent for, and no one got a new dross but that Nancy helped to make it, and no marriage took place but that aunt Caty and Nancy got the supper, and knew the color and the cost of the bridal dress first of all.

first of all.

It was very hard to know any news and not tell aunt Caty of it, it did her so much good If Mr. Brown had sold his spotted cow, and If Mr. Brown had sold his spotted cow, and bought a red one instead, it was something to tell her, and she would amuse herself and you for an hour in speculating upon it. In the first place, what the spotted cow's faults could have been, whether she was getting old, or whether she went dry too long or whether she made white butter or too little of it, or whether he had got a little more than she worth, and could buy the red one for a little less than she was worth, and so on. Then she would suggest remedies for all the imaginary faults—if she went dry too long he should have stript and stript the last drop, if she made white butter he should have fed her yellow meal, and if she sucked herself he might have tied a thorn on her nose, but after all, she would say in conclosion, she supposed Mr. Brown knew his own business Aunt Caty liked to talk, and must talk of what she knew; and as she knew more about her she knew; and as she knew more about her neighbors than she did of the affairs of nations, they interested her more.

She was not merely an idle gossip, and sel-dom found fault with things that were not real-

dom found fault with things that were not really very faulty.

"When a thing is true, and everybody knows it's true," she used to say, "what's the use of everybody pretending to everybody. I, for one, say what I think."

Having asked if she had come so often as to wear out her welcome, (she came about twice a year,) aunt Caty set down her little wheel, and going to the well, filled the tin-basin with fresh water, and hanging her cap on a rose bush, washed her face and hands, for she said she was as hot as a bake-oven, and felt as if she had a bushel of dirt on herself. This done, she took off both shoes and stockings, and having hung them over a nail on the porch, unknotted her flax, and began the afternoon's work; for it was not uncommon for her to bring her little wheel with her at the time of spinning.

the north porch—I will say something about the north porch—I will say something about acquainted with her, as it were.

She was a widow lady who had emigrated from one of the Northern States to our neighborhood, in its first settlement, her husband having died and left her nothing but an old horse and a cow, a few poor articles of household furniture, and three helpless children. It was rumbred about that she was none the worse off for his death—that he drank up everything he could get, and always had a jug full of whiskey, whether his wife had any tea or into I know not how true this may be; but I do know that I never heard Aunt Caty lament the death of her husband, and that I once heard her say widders were sometimes better off than wives! This proves nothing, to be sure, but it seems a supposition in favor of the sure, but it seems this one had planted, and how nor any onion beds that one had put out, s

send us one of theirs, that we may see which is best.?

And, acting upon this notion, she gathered together what little she had, and made a vendue—reserving only a colfee-pot and a few dishes, and the old horse.

She had always lived in a little rented house, with a garden attached, and from selling the vegetables and butter the family had been provided for.

If I owned the house and garden, thought Atht Caty, I could get along and bring up to buy them, was out of the question; so the thought came to her to sell what little she had, and the day of the funeral.

It is not of the interest thought to be so, and where she wouldn't like to have a boy of hers if she was dead; but I didn't dare to ask, and so was a long time in learning what I will directly communicate.

A sister of Mrs. Flagg was lately dead, leaving an only child, a boy ten years old, to the care of the Flaggs, who were abundantly able to bring him up as well as they did their own children, and who, it was said, had promised the dying mother to do so. Agreeably to this promise, they had brought him home with them the day of the funeral.

The name of the lad was Oliver White—a